Those Left Behind

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Those Left Behind

by MissLuluBee

Summary

With Tabitha gone, the group is beginning to fracture under the stress of having such a pivotal part of them missing.
Will is starting to fail, Hannibal is barely around, Dem and Val are desperately trying to keep the two of them from self destructing in their own ways.

Notes

Sorry for the delay between uploads, a lot has happened for both of us and unfortunately life just gets in the way sometimes. This one will have two chapters, the first being shorter than the second as it seemed like a good place to cut it off.

This chapter has a wildly inaccurate depiction of Norse Pagan ritual, no offence is meant to my fellow Heathens, it just made sense that the gang used this kind of ritual as opposed to the kind we use these days.

As always this is unbeta'd and all mistakes are ours!

Chapter 1

Will was failing and he knew it. He wasn't looking after himself as he should be and Hannibal wasn't around to see it. The logical part of his brain knew why. He even understood. Tabitha was his wife and God knows what could be happening to her - of course he'd thrown himself into his work, who wouldn't?

But the natural submissive in him was pining for the loss of both his Mistress and his Daddy, he didn't know how to cope. Their relationship was a 24/7 one and he'd gotten so used to the arrangement that he honestly didn't know how to pick himself up out of his head space and act as he once had, He couldn't do it anymore.

Instead he kept himself to himself, spending time with Clement, barely eating, barely sleeping - a ghost of himself. He spent hours pouring over any files he could find on his father, trying to determine if it was even possible that Tabitha was still alive, and if she was - what state she'd be in. He knew that Valentin was doing his best but it wasn't the same, when one of their number was absent they were fractured and when two were gone they were shattered like tiny pieces of splintered china.

Demetrius slouched into the penthouse, bone weary from all the work he'd been doing lately - Hannibal barked orders at him and he complied, it was almost like their relationship had never evolved but he'd do anything to help. The guard shed his blood covered wife beater and flopped onto the couch next to Valentin, groaning at the pain to his aching limbs, "How's it going here?" He moaned, rubbing his sore neck, "He ain't looking any better." Dem nodded over to Will who was crouched by a laptop, a large sweater of Hannibal's was over his knees that were pulled up to his chest, drooping off one shoulder. There were dark circles under the submissive's eyes and his curls were a mess from running his hands through them.

Val was at his wits end, it had been weeks with barely any word about Tabitha's situation from their inside men and Hannibal had taken to locking himself in his office at home or the club to check and recheck that everything was in place for when the female came back.

In the meantime he was left trying to keep Will safe and healthy when all he really wanted was Hannibal. There was nothing the blonde could do about it other than keep trying and trying until something stuck with the submissive.

Running a hand through his hair, sweeping the growing locks from his face, the Viking looked up to see his bloodied boyfriend heading his way. He offered a weak smile, patting the free seat next to him, "Hey, you look exhausted. Still no end to the kill list?" He asked softly, sitting up properly to remove Dem's hands from his neck and massage it himself, "I made breakfast, he didn't eat it. Same with lunch. I managed to get him to drink some juice earlier but that's pretty much it… No conversation, no recognition half the time. He just researches the same stuff, worrying Tab's not gonna be back." It took a lot for Val to admit he was

worried, but this had gone above and beyond worried. He was terrified that Tabitha wouldn't make it for whatever reason and that would break Hannibal and kill Will in the process.

The only time anyone saw Hann these days was to get their orders for the day, nobody wanted to be around him for too long due to his immensely short fuse - and it was getting shorter by the day. Other than that, Val had spotted the older male emerging from Tabitha's roof garden in the middle of the night on his way back from letting Clement out in the yard, his hands covered in blood and eyes swollen from obvious crying. Rather than overstep his bounds and get an earful for it, he had let his lover walk past him and lock himself back in his office.

"You seen Boss man for longer than five minutes recently?" Valentin asked after staring at the tv screen while working on Demeti's tight muscles, "I think he's really struggling, he doesn't quite know who he is without her.."

Dem groaned happily as Valentin worked the knot out of his neck, his shoulders rolling contently, "Your hands are fucking magic." He mumbled softly, "Yeah… Poor kid. He's like a puppet with its strings cut."

The guard froze as Val asked about Hannibal, unable to keep the hurt out of his voice as he considered the answer, "No. Five minutes every morning. He barks at me, he gives a list as long as my arm of bastards I have to off and then he fucks off back into his hole." He closed his eyes, "Don't think he even sees it's *me* half the time, just treats me like one of his newbies. I… killed twenty today, Val. Twenty. Kill one, find the next… carry on. Don't know how much longer I can keep going but I sure as hell ain't going to let him down and stop. I'll keep killin' as long as he can keep finding people for me to kill if it'll help him."

Will suddenly let out a shriek, slamming the lap shut and throwing at the wall, breathing heavily as it shattered, sending Clement skittering into the bedroom, "That's it!" He screamed, turning to Val and Dem and properly acknowledging them for the first time in weeks, "I can't fucking do this any more! I c-can't… I can't function without them both! And he's fucking killing Dem and I know it's killing you too Val and I'm… I'm s-sorry cause I know I'm not helping with that but… but… I need them and I… I n-need him. And he's g-going to fucking listen to me."

The exhausted sub looked wild, tears running down his pale face, limbs long and skinny sticking out from the oversized sweater - completely naked underneath. His chest was heaving with the beginnings of a panic attack. Before either one could stop him, the sub was out of the window, scaling the fire escape up to the roof garden. Even if Hannibal rejected him and sent him back onto the streets he had to try. He couldn't live like this.

Working on his boyfriend's shoulders diligently, Valentin half smiled to himself in response to the praise, "I'm not just a pretty face, remember?" He teased, putting more pressure on a particularly deep knot.

The blonde sighed deeply, hands pausing as he considered the other's words, "You know he doesn't mean it, Dem… He's scared shitless, he knows what happened last time, and he saw where everything happened. All he wants is to make sure this process is as smooth as possible on our end so she can come home and heal." He spoke gently, he'd seen it all before, the first time around. Hannibal had almost cleared house by the time Tabitha was safe away from Darko - they left town with a house full of dead associates who had failed to follow orders properly.

"You don't gotta be sorry for anything, I'm here to look after you both. Much as I'm failing at it, I don't expect you to go out wasting fuckers and come home to do anything other than sleep." Val pressed his forehead to Demetri's shoulder, wishing there were a way for all of this to be over and done with when Will's outburst made him jump straight, blinking dumbly at the much too skinny male.

By the time the Swede even realised what the younger male was doing, Will was out of the window and climbing his way to the roof, "No wait! Will, you don't wanna go up there, believe me!" He called, jumping to his feet, tripping on Dem in the process as he hot footed it to the window and out on the fire escape, climbing up after the curly haired male, "Will, I swear to God if you fall and don't die, I'll kill you myself!"

Hannibal sat in the middle of the rooftop garden, surrounded by vegetable and fruit patches that Tabitha had been tending to for years; In front of him was, for want of a better word, an altar, covered in candles and statuettes, flickering in the dark of the night, casting long shadows upon the roof. Most shocking of all was Hannibal, kneeling barefoot before the altar, runes drawn over his face and arms and appearing wet in the moonlight as he kept his head down, a guttural and yet musical language could be heard across the rooftop while the grey haired male appeared to pray over a dying lamb, bleeding out over a wooden bowl.

Val reached the roof a few moments after Will, glanced over everything before deciding this was too much for even him to try and explain. Holding his hands up, he sighed and cleared his throat, "Boss. Problem."

Demetrius sighed softly and heaved his aching body to his feet, stumbling over to clean up the destroyed laptop. As he worked he looked up and saw a pair of huge, brown eyes staring at him, "I know, mutt. So much for my relaxing massage. Never mind… I'll get this sorted and you can come and stare at me like a freak while I have a bath. Reckon Val's got the situation upstairs."

Will ignored Valentin, completely intent on seeing Hannibal, whether the older man liked it or not. The cold metal of the fire escape was agony on his bare feet but he didn't care - he just needed his Daddy. He'd finally snapped. As he reached the top he froze, smothering a strangled scream with one hand as he looked everything over. It was a little terrifying and his sleep starved brain could barely take it in. Instead he stood there, shivering and half naked, leaning back into Valentin's chest - allowing the viking to comfort him for the first time in weeks, "D-Daddy…" He whimpered, his voice carrying in the cold air, tears still flowing freely down his cheeks, "Daddy *please* !"

Val stood staring at the lamb as it stopped twitching in Hannibal's hands, he touched the silver necklace around his neck and looked up to the stars, " *Odin, forgive me.* " He muttered, wrapping his arms around Will as he stumbled back against his chest, "It's okay, Will.. It's okay."

Hannibal's eyes snapped up at the disruption, sneering at the blonde when he spoke. His features sank at hearing Will's anguished cries for comfort from him. Suddenly coming to his senses, the older male got to his feet, stopping only to blow out his candles then cross the rooftop to scoop the sub into his arms, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry…" He whispered, burying his face in the younger male's curls, "I'm here, I've been wrong. I'm sorry.."

Standing off to one side awkwardly, Val rubbed the back of his neck with a sigh, "So, you've been an asshole, brother, and you gotta explain this shit to Will cause that's not on me."

Will sobbed harshly into Hannibal's shoulder, his thin body shaking as he fought for breath, he was exhausted, he was hungry, he was lonely and he was just glad to be in Hannibal's arms again. Also… he couldn't help but see himself on that alter and it scared him more than a little - he was after all, Hannibal's 'little lamb', "M'sorry…" He whispered brokenly, "I didn't… shouldn't have… have interrupted but I need you. You and Mistress, I just… You can't just shut yourself away like that. We… We love you and you're… you're just making a bad situation worse. V-Val's been trying to hold us all together and do you… do you even *know* what you've been doing to Dem?! I know it's hard but… we can get through it together." His words came out in short, panicked bursts between sobs as he clung tightly to the older male, "W-What are you *doing* up here?"

Hannibal shushed his lover, holding his barely there body against him, "Breathe, William, breathe." He whispered, trying to get the male to calm down enough that he could actually listen to him, "I know, I did the only thing I knew to do, and I see now that I was wrong. I shouldn't have taken myself away from all of you. We need to stay together, it's the only way to get through it while she's gone."

The older male swallowed down his own tears, he'd spent too long feeling like he had to do everything in order to feel useful when all he really needed to do was look after his family. Hann pulled back and met Will's gaze, "Hey, listen to me, okay? I'm gonna make it up to all of you, I promise."

Val slipped past the two of them, slipped off his own shoes and stepped toward the altar, clearing everything but the blood and the statuettes away, leaving them on the surface as everything was returned to its storage box.

Pushing his hair away from his face gingerly with his bloodied hand, the male looped his finger around his own silver necklace, showing the younger male the sigil that hung from it, "This is a vegvisir, Odin's compass to guide you through the nine worlds. These past few

weeks I've been asking the gods for assistance, to give Tabitha the strength she needs to get through her ordeal and back home to us." He ran his tongue across his lip, tasting the coppery tang of blood spatter on his lip, "Your coming up here was a sign, William.. A sign that I haven't been doing what I should be to keep us together like Mistress told me to."

Making his way back over to the pair, Valentin adjusted his grip on the box in his arms, rolling his eyes at Hannibal's explanation "We're Vikings, we worship Viking gods the old way. With blood sacrifice, we didn't wanna mention it in case you thought we were weird. There, done."

The submissive's head snapped between the who as they spoke, trying to take it all in. Slowly, he reached up one trembling hand and wrapped the finger's around his Dominant's necklace, as if anchoring himself. If it could help Tabitha be safe he'd try anything. Slowly he pressed a soft kiss to the cold metal. Will's features changed and he reared back, slapping Hannibal around the back of the head and looking like he wanted to do the same to Valentin if he had any intention of leaving his lover's arms, "You're both idiots." He snapped, his voice still trembling but a little stronger, "I don't give a shit what you do as long as you *tell* me. Hell… I've never had the chance to find my own religion, so *teach* me… let me see if it makes sense to me but don't be assholes and *hide* something that's important to you both from me."

Will shivered, burrowing into Hannibal's warmth, "Okay. Okay…. Daddy, please… go and talk to Demetrius. Valentin… I need your help in the red room. Please?"

Watching Will with great curiosity, he half smiled as he pressed a kiss to his necklace, the smack to the back of his head made him cry out in shock, "There's no need for violence, William." He muttered, nodding as he glanced back at Val over his shoulder, wishing he'd been hit too, "I'll go speak to him, get yourself inside and warmed up. Preferably through the door back inside and not the fire escape."

The blonde snorted as Hannibal was slapped, moving forward with the box when the submissive said his name, "Anything you need, I got it." He smirked, offering Will the chance to be carried back inside and avoid getting his feet any colder, "Hand him over and I'll put all your shit away."

Hann rolled his eyes considered the proposal then agree and shifted close to ease Will into Val's embrace, "I trust you'll look after him while I mend bridges." He stated, pressing his lips to both male's cheeks before heading back into the house through the roof access door. Once inside, the older male followed the sound of his younger lover's voice coming from the bathroom.

With a calming breath, he pushed open the door, eyes sweeping over Clement curled up in the corner and coming to rest on Dem in the tub. He surged forward to kneel down on the

floor and kiss the male with as much passion as he could pour into it. Pulling away after a minute, Hannibal cupped Demetri's jaw, "I love you, I never want you to feel like I don't. I'm sorry."

Will curled into the warmth of Valentin's chest, blinking up at him through his long lashes, "I think… We're all going to be okay." He said carefully, "Now we just have to get Mistress back."

He allowed Val to carry him into the Red Room, looking around curiously, he'd only been in the room a handful of times but something about all the torture items turned him on more than he'd care to admit. Climbing carefully out of his lovers arms he went to retrieve a small parcel that he'd hidden behind a box of restraints. Running his fingers over the tissue paper wrapping his bundle he turned to look at the Viking over his shoulder as he began to strip out of his clothing, "So… I'm… I'm going to get changed and I want you to chain me and then bring Daddy to me.. please. I'm ready to… to go all the way again and I think he could do with taking out his stress in a scene with me."

Fully naked he took a deep breath and unwrapped the parcel, moaning as the soft, barely there lace fit him snugly. He bend over showing Valentin just how effective the ass-less back of the soft blue panties were, "What do you think?" He asked, voice dripping with fake innocence, "Will he approve?"

"Wha-?!" Dem yelped before giving into the kiss, water slopping over the edge of the bath. Finally he came to his senses and pulled away, unable to meet Hannibal's eyes. Everything hurt, he had impressive bruises that stood out on even his dark skin, congealed flesh wounds above one eyebrow and across his ribs. He couldn't help but be a little angry, "You've been working me like a bloody dog." He grunted, running a hand over his buzz cut, "Barking orders at me and treating me like the most basic fuckin' newbie around. I killed twenty assholes on your orders today, Boss… You know that ain't me."

Valentin looked down at the slim male in his arms, unable to stop the smile that the submissive's innocent look caused as he carried Will back into the house and into the red room. As soon as he was placed back on his feet, the blonde male waited to be given more instruction before moving anywhere.

He watched Will curiously, instantly recognising the parcel as the sub pulled it out, "I-I, uh… Sure, whatever you need me to do." He stuttered, not daring to look away in case this turned out to be a very vivid stress dream. The Viking tilted his head from one side to the other as the younger male bent over in front of him, "You know what? I'm not sure he's gonna be able to scene with you, he'll wanna rip those off and have you."

Pulling away, unable to conceal the shame from his face, Hannibal nodded quickly and knelt down beside the tub, a hand tenderly cupping his bruised and battered face, "Demetrius… I haven't been myself lately, I can't begin to explain just how terrible I feel to have treated you as though you're nothing to me. That is not true, you have to believe me." The greying male

paused for a moment then turned Dem's head so he could look him in the eye, "No more kills, for the next six months once we take her back. None at all, you've got my fucking word on that."

Hannibal hated feeling that he was begging for forgiveness but he pushed down all self doubt and decided that him being the bigger man was the only way to pull his family back from the brink of nothing, "I shouldn't have treated you like that, when you're one of the only people who can understand the situation we're in. I'm truly sorry, Demetri."

Will chuckled softly, turning around to rock up on the balls of his feet and nip at his lover's bottom lip, "Well I guess we'll just have to wait and see. It'll relieve some stress for him anyway. Now…" He slapped Valentin's ass sharply, tossing him a sassy wink, "Get chaining and then send our grumpy assed lover in here, stat!"

Dem's resolve melted the moment he looked into Hannibal's eyes, he wasn't angry - not really - he'd just been hurt, "Aw, fuck it, Boss." He moaned, wrapping a wet hand into Han's hair and pulling him forwards for another deep kiss. He pulled away only when he couldn't breathe any longer, "Look… I get it. I do. It fuckin' sucks but Tab ain't comin' back any time soon and we gotta make he most of it. Stick together and get through." The paused running the fingers of his free hand through the rapidly cooling water, "It ain't that I mind killin'… It's what I've been trained to do since I was a kid. I just… it has to mean somethin'. I hated feeling like I was just one of your trained attack dogs. Half those guys you sent me after didn't know shit about Darko or Tabitha, they were so low down they didn't have a fuckin' clue who they worked for. That ain't right… I think you're right. I just need a break from active duty."

Clement chose that moment to come sniffing up to Hannibal, he hadn't seen the man in a while and he was a little in love with the man who was obviously the Alpha of his pack.

Val's arm snaked around Will's back as the submissive leaned up to nip his lip. He smirked to himself, pulling the younger male against his body to kiss him passionately, only letting him go when he absolutely had to, "Long as we get back to how we were, I'll be happy." He smiled, nodding over to the wooden cross in the corner, "Climb up, I'll cuff and tie you too it then send the Boss Man in." As he spoke, the blonde began fishing out leather straps and cuffs from the play trunk.

Hannibal's hand flew out to steady himself on the edge of the tub as Demetri kissed him suddenly, and took him completely by surprise. As soon as he managed to catch his breath, the older male nodded again, "I know, I know.. I wanted to clean the lower ranks, I shouldn't have given that job to you. You're better than that."

Settling back on his heels, Hann considered the plan for taking Tabitha back and made an offer he'd never thought of before, "It's up to you, but if you wanna sit out in the car once we get the signal that it's time; We'd understand that, in fact, I think once we get her back, she's

gonna need someone not covered in blood to keep her calm." He half shrugged, "It's just an offer, you have the last say about it."

Looking down to see the puppy sniffing toward him, Hannibal offered his hand out, worried that he'd spent too much time away and that he wouldn't be recognised, "Hello Clement, I hope you have been looking after the family in my absence."

Will swallowed, tensing just for a second at the sight of the cuffs. Quickly he shook his head to clear it of bad memories and hooked a comforting finger around his collar. This was Val… and it was Han. He trusted them. He was ready and he could do this, *dammit* . Taking a couple of deep breaths he nodded and hopped up onto the horse, getting into position for Val, "Don't… Don't tell him. Let it be a surprise and I… I want the ring gag. To start with, no doubt he'll take it out eventually."

"No." Demetrius shook his head quickly, fire blazing in his eyes, "Tab will understand that we all need to be in there for that shit. Or if you *have* to leave anyone outside, leave Val. I *need* to be there… for Dad. And Will needs to be for his own reasons. Offing grunts is different to him. I need to be a part of that. I just… I want to take a break until then. Please?"

Dem stood up with a wince and stepped out of the bath, drying himself off and leaving the towel wrapped low around his hips. He stooped to kiss Hannibal once more, "I'm gonna go and crash. Send Val in when he's back from wherever the hell he is, I could do with some cuddlin' tonight." He chuckled softly, padding out of the room. In the doorway he turned back, "You're forgiven, Boss. Let's just forget it all happened and start fresh, yeah? That means no broodin' from your moany ass either."

The puppy licked Hannibal's hand, rubbing against it eagerly before letting out a playful yip and running after Dem - trying to trip him up.

Val cautiously reached out to cup the sub's cheek, thumb brushing along his jaw, "If you need time, you can take it." He breathed reassuringly, letting Will decide if he wanted to keep going. Once the slim male was positioned correctly, Val secured him to the cross to ensure he couldn't escape but not so tight that he felt imprisoned; The blonde stepped back to admire his handiwork, licking his lips at the sight that greeted him, "You look delectable, Little One…"

Turning to hook the ring gag over his finger, the Viking approached once more to fit the gag, but not before kissing the curly haired male tenderly, "I will be barely a moment, Hann will be straight in." He assured him with a smile as he turned to locate the boss.

Hannibal moved aside to let Demetri out of the bath, nodding his agreement, "I thought you would say that, but I wished to voice the offer so it is there if you want to take it later." He shrugged, chuckling as Clement licked his hand then jumped up at the sight of the other male collecting his things together to leave the bathroom. The greying male looked up at the bodyguard in the doorway, his eyes lighting up more than they had in weeks as the corners of

his eyes crinkled with his smile, “No more moping from me, you have my word. Go, I’ll send Valentin in once I see him.”

The blonde in question arrived barely a minute later, grinning from ear to ear with an obvious erection straining against the zipper of his jeans, “Boss, you got a package in the red room, better go get it ASAP.” He was almost bouncing on his feet, trying to get the older male from the room.

“Then I suppose I should go and see what is so urgent.” Hannibal stood, brushing off his pants before washing his hands of Lamb blood along with the bloody runes up and down his arms before slipping from the room past his pseudo brother, giving his ass a squeeze as he did so, “I would get your hard on sorted then go lay with your boyfriend, he needs it.” He added over his shoulder, heading toward the red room.

The slender submissive whimpered softly into the empty room as he heard Valentin’s footsteps retreating. This body was trembling, though he wasn’t certain if that was from residual fear of his time with Chilton or anticipation of what was to come. The room was cold but his skin felt like it was burning against his restraints, the lace soft against his body. Will could feel drool start to pool in his open mouth, he closed his eyes tightly and waited. William felt his body relax more and more as he heard the comforting sound of Hannibal approaching. He could tell each of his lovers by their footsteps and scent alone.

Demetrius shed his towel and crawled straight into bed, curling up with a pillow hugged to his bruised chest. He was so tired but he felt less tense than he had in weeks, like things could finally get back to normal. The bodyguard picked up the remote and turned on the first chick flick he could find, his eyes drifting tiredly even as Julia Roberts appeared on screen.

Hannibal took a second to check his body over for hints of remaining blood before pushing open one of the double doors to the red room to be greeted by the sight of William cuffed and strapped to the wooden cross clad only in teal lace panties. The Mob boss closed the door behind him with a click, tongue running along his lips, “Well, well… Aren’t I a lucky boy?” He questioned with a chuckle, crossing the room slowly, each step deliberate as he edged closer, his eyes appreciating every inch of the younger male until he stood in front of him, index finger trailing around the ring gag, “As much as I like to have you for my every whim, I would much rather have you able to beg me for more.”

Rich brown eyes meeting the submissive’s blue ones, the older male lent up to unbuckle the gag, tossing it over his shoulder as he massaged Will’s jaw lightly, “How’s that, My Lamb?”

Val padded down the hall to the bedroom he and Dem shared, taking a moment to put his iron clad will in place in order to ignore the slowly dulling ache between his legs before slipping into the room and shedding all his clothes but his boxers to climb in bed with his boyfriend. Shifting down to get comfortable, the blonde wrapped his arms around the barely conscious male, kissing the back of his neck, “Hey baby…”

Will's entire body relaxed the moment he felt his Daddy's touch on his sensitive skin - he instantly felt safe. The sub let out a relieved mewl when the gag was released, that had perhaps been pushing himself a bit too far, and he had been starting to panic a little.

He nuzzled into Hannibal's hand as it stroked his jaw, enjoying the Dominant touch that he'd been missing for so long, "I'm y-yours, Daddy. I'm ready… I promise."

Demetrius melted back into his lover's touch, tipping his head back to capture the older male's lips in a kiss, "Hey, you… I dunno what you and the brat did to Han but we talked… we're all good." His eyes drifted shut for a moment before he carried on speaking, "I'm…. I'm gonna be takin' a break for a bit. Mental health wise I think it's what I need to do… You'll handle the guys so they don't talk shit about me, right? They gotta know I'm still above 'em."

Hann lightly shushed the slim male with a finger to his lips, "I know, William.. You wouldn't be here like this if you weren't ready." He smiled tenderly, letting his fingers trail down the other's chest until he came to one nipple, pinching just enough to hurt and cause the sensitive area to harden; He turned to the other to give it the same treatment then leaned over to lave his tongue over the red flesh.

Valentin shrugged one shoulder, tucking his chin over Dem's shoulder, "I didn't really do anything, it was all Will. He sorta broke and the boss snapped out of it, it was like- I can't even explain it." The blonde trailed off, thinking the younger male had fallen asleep only to let out a quiet chuckle as Demetri continued to talk once more, "You don't have to worry, as far as they're concerned, you're doing more important work up here. You take all the time you need, you know she's in it for the long haul; we got a while yet." He sighed softly, nuzzling closer to kiss his boyfriend;s cheek, "I love you, anything you need, I'll get it."

Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

> This took a little longer to edit than I anticipated, I'm blaming pregnancy for making me constantly forgetful and tired. Please enjoy and as always this is unbeta'd, all mistakes are ours.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An hour later Will stepped shakily out of his restraints, his legs felt weak underneath him and it was as if the stress of the last few weeks had finally caught up with him. He was deep in his subspace, he was starving and he just wanted to be close to Hannibal. For the first time in a long time, he felt at peace. The sex had been phenomenal but more than that, he felt like it had been the first step to putting his time with Chilton in the past. It would always be there but maybe with his lovers help, he could move past it. Sex with Hannibal was nothing like it had been before, he felt safe, he felt loved.

The sub reached for Hannibal, mewling softly as his legs threatened to give out, “Thank you.” He whispered, nuzzling into his Daddy’s neck.

Dem hummed tiredly, he was exhausted but he couldn’t get his brain to shut off, “You awake, Val?” He yawned, trying to look behind him to the body wrapped around his back.

Depositing all the restraints onto the silver trolley next to him, Hannibal kept one arm around Will’s waist in order to stop him from losing his balance and hitting the floor. As he turned to face the submissive, he curled his arms around the slim male’s form, “You need not thank me, my lamb. It is I who should be thanking *you* .” He stated simply.

After a moment, the older male scooped Will into his arms, carrying him from the red room into the main bedroom in order to lay him down and gently coax him from his subspace. Hann laid down in bed next to the sub, wrapping his body around him like a protective cocoon - faces level so they were breathing one anothers air, looking deep into each other’s eyes, “William… Come back to me.”

Having only been lightly dozing, always ready to be called into action, Valentin opened his eyes and propped himself up on one elbow in order to let his boyfriend see him without turning over, “I’m always awake, Dem.. What’s wrong?” He asked softly, fingers of his free hand trailing up and down Demetri’s side with each of the younger male’s breaths.

Will hummed softly, trying to work through the haze in his mind. Slowly he managed to focus on his Dom's face, "Hey… that was perfect." He hummed weakly, nuzzling his nose against Hannibal's, "I've missed you. I get why you've been the way that you have but… I dunno. I already lost Mistress, I didn't want to lose you too." He was still trembling lightly, trying to get a handle on his thoughts, the sub was totally blissed out for the first time in a long time.

"I can't sleep." Dom mumbled lightly, meeting Valentin's eyes, he was showing real vulnerability which was rare for him, "I just… keep seeing all the faces of the dude's I've been offing lately. I dunno, Val. I know I was raised for this shit, and I ain''t never known nothin' else but I think after everythin' with Darko goes down I need a serious break. I don''t know if I can keep up at this pace. I talked to the boss but I think he just thinks I need a couple of weeks off. It's more than that." He hesitated, "I need to see if I can be anythin' else but a killing machine, y'know? I just don't know if Han'll get that I wanna pull away from the business for a while. He put a lot of effort into training me to be who I am."

Hann smiled softly as the younger male slowly began to come back to his senses, stroking his thumb across his jaw until he was able to speak again, "I have missed you too, more than you could ever imagine." He murmured, pulling the comforter tight around the two of them, "I know. I'm not helping anyone by pushing away the people that I love."

Valentin tilted his head a little as he considered his boyfriend's words, "Demetrius, you don't have to do anything you're not ready to. Hannibal will understand that you need to take time out." The older male explained, sitting up a little more in order to cup Dem's jaw lightly, "The Boss loves you, if you need to do something different, that's fine. We got our fingers in more than enough pies that don't involve killing."

Will hummed, licking a stripe up his Daddy's jaw as his mind slowly became more rooted in the present, "Good, so long as you're realising that it's good." He hummed tiredly, a finger curling around his collar in comfort as he snuggled closer to Hannibal's warmth under the heavy blankets, "Daddy… How long until she's home?" He asked softly, his voice breaking, "I don't think I can wait any longer. Is this… is this what it was like with me?"

"Yeah I know." Dem sighed heavily, leaning into his partner's touch, "I know. I know that you're right I just…" He let out a snort of frustration, never one for "mushy stuff" this was frustratingly difficult for him, "I love my job… most of the time. I like the thrill of it and the power. Fuck it, I like being *useful* . All this Darko crap is just gettin' in my head. It's makin' me think about Dad, I wish I'd gotten a chance to talk to him more, to actually get to *know* him. He was always busy with the Boss and when he wasn't we were trainin'. Fuck, Val, you knew him better than me. Would he be proud of me? Or would he wish I wasn't mixed up in all this crap? Would he… Would he approve of us? *All* of us?"

Hannibal's fingers carded through Will's curls, twisting one ringlet around his finger absently as he watched the younger male, "I don't know." He said after a moment's silence, "Tabitha is playing a long game, she must regain Darko's trust by making him think he's broken her again. That will all depend on how he goes about trying to break her." The greying male pressed their foreheads together, his eyes closing over, "It's as though I'm missing a piece of myself. Each of you belong with me, when you are gone, it hurts to exist."

Val pressed light kisses along Dem's shoulder, looking up at his snort to raise a questioning eyebrow. He sat up better on his elbow to roll the other male over and meet his gaze fully, "Hey, your dad was a fucking great man. You know that, and you're everything he could ever have hoped you'd be." The older male cupped Demetri's cheek, thumb stroking along his lower lip tenderly, "He would be proud of everything you've done. You've made a name for yourself, you have stood above and beyond all others to prove yourself. That's what he did every damn day of his life. Dem, he'd be happy that you love and are loved."

The young submissive's eyes fluttered shut as he felt Hannibal's talented fingers combing through his hair, he bit his lip hard at the thought of his father trying to break his mistress. Although he knew it was ridiculous he felt responsible for everything Darko was putting their family through, he was after all his flesh and blood, "That's how I feel now." He admitted softly, "I never… I mean I never thought I'd have a family. Honestly I saw myself working for Chilton until a John beat me to death or else I died of starvation, but now that I have you all… it *hurts* when we're not all together."

Clement chose that moment to jump up on the bed, curling himself at their feet and looking at them with wide eyes.

"Yeah… Sorry, Val. Dunno what the fuck's gotten into me lately." Dem huffed, leaning up to kiss the older man softly, "Turnin' into a girl. Thank you, though… Ain't no one I love in this world more than you. Actually… uh…" taking a deep breath, Demetrius rolled out of bed, padding over to a loose floorboard where he kept everything important to him. He carefully eased it up and pulled out a small leather pouch, rolling it between his fingers before he came to a decision.

Demetri turned and crawled back up onto the bed until he was knelt between Valentin's legs, one hand pressed against the other's chest to ground him, "Look. These ain't much… an' I suppose we don't need 'em, or a bit of paper. An' I know we're already together an' we have the others but Han an' Tab are married an' I just thought…." Dem was rambling, and unsure, which was unlike him. He took a deep breath and grabbed Val's hand, flipping it so that it was palm up. Before he could chicken out, the younger man emptied the pouch into the Viking's hand, watching as two, crudely made rings fell out on the skin. They weren't expensive - they were actually made from melted down bullets, "So uh… I know a guy. This one…" He nudged it towards Val, "Would um… it'd be yours I guess. Made of one oft he bullets from my dad's gun an' this one… this one'd be mine. I might of nicked one of the bullets from your gun when you weren't lookin'…" Demetrius swallowed, "I even ... scratched some of your runes and shit inside 'em. But I mean… they're stupid an' ugly an' I can buy better ones if you want but what I'm tryin' to say and fuckin' up here us uh… marry

me, yeah? Once all this is over… Or even before. *Tonight* , even. If you want I mean. If you don't that's cool too… No worries… I ain't no catch an'…" He was finding it really hard to stop his mouth from making sounds… this was just fucking embarrassing.

Hann nodded slowly, taking a deep breath before opening his eyes and stroking his thumb across Will's cheekbone, "I know, we'll get through it, as will she.. All we have to do is try to survive until we get the signal that it's time." The older male spared the pup a glance as he jumped up on the bed, with a soft sigh he leaned down to scratch Clem behind the ears, "Well, we've got someone who's willing to keep us company in the meantime."

Shaking his head quickly, to dismiss Dem's thanks, he sat up against the headboard to watch the naked male roll off the bed and search under the floorboards for something, "Dem.." He muttered as he watched the hesitation cross his boyfriend's features until he climbed back on the bed.

The blonde's confusion was more than evident, he tried to keep track of everything Demetri was telling him, even more so with his rambling. Valentin's eyes wouldn't leave the rings in his hand, his mouth suddenly dry and unable to think of anything except the way they felt right in his hand. He surged forward, his fist curled around the rings as he wrapped his arms around Demetrius' neck to kiss him deeply, silencing the last of his rambles with his lips, "I love them, I love you. Yes. Yes, I'll marry you." He whispered against Dem's lips with a smile, "There's nobody else I'd rather spend the rest of my dangerous life with."

The viking grinned, kissing the younger male's forehead, "Tonight, yeah? We'll go hijack a chapel and get everything sorted."

Will chuckled softly, scratching under the puppy's chin with his toes, "Yeah… I mean, I know he's not supposed to be on the bed and all but he's been keeping me company these last few weeks." He nipped at Hannibal's thumb playfully as it swept towards his lips.

Demetrius was thrown backwards as Val hit his chest, chuckling softly as they fell backwards onto the bed. He met the kiss with just as much passion, feeling the tension that had been curled in his shoulders when he heard the older male's answer. "Oh fuck… you've no fuckin' idea how good it sounds to hear you say yes." He nodded quickly, "Tonight. Okay… uh… we're gonna need pants. Should we bring the Boss and Will to be witnesses? Yeah so…" He crawled off the bed, looking around the room, trying to harness his thoughts as he threw clothes at Val, "Pants. Shirt. Leather Jacket. Let's go. Let's fuckin' go you beautiful Viking you…"

Leaning his head on his hand in order to look down at the puppy, "I have no arguments about it, he has been keeping you company. That's more than I did." He stated softly, a small smile playing at his lips when his thumb was nipped, "Although, we'll have to have him back on the floor before Mistress is back."

Val cupped the younger male's jaw with a chuckle, kissing him again before moving off of him in order to let him sit up, "Boss man and Will, they're family. They'll wanna be there too." He said, catching each item of clothing as they were thrown his way, "Damn, I don't think I've ever seen you move this fast." He laughed, pulling on his clothes and standing to grab Dem by the hips, turning him to face him, "I fucking love you. So god damn much."

The blonde released Dem long enough to take his hand, the rings returned to the leather bag and tucked away in his pocket, leading the way down the hall to the master bedroom, chuckling as he kissed the other male with each step. When they eventually reached the door, he didn't bother to knock as he let himself in, "Get your asses up and dressed. We're getting married."

Hannibal blinked up at the two newcomers, raising an eyebrow before smiling broadly, "You two expect to get married dressed like that? Give me strength." He rolled his eyes, kissing the submissive's temple as he climbed buck naked from the bed to find himself a pair of suit pants and a button down shirt in his closet, "I think we're going to take a detour to my tailor."

Will blinked up at Dem and Val, his eyes wide, "Seriously? This is how you guys are doing this?" He rolled his eyes and flopped back against the pillows, "Idiots. Demi's been carrying those stupid rings around for weeks being a proper girl about 'finding the right moment'. Are you seriously telling me this was it?" The sub was finding his sass again now that Hannibal was back.

"Well… uh…" Dem rubbed the back of his neck, uncharacteristically self conscious, "Shut up, brat." He mumbled, "It just.. I couldn't wait longer is all…" He turned to Hannibal and raised an eyebrow, "Uh, boss? It's two thirty in the morning… All night chapels exist but I think your tailor might just be sleepin'."

"Daddy…." Will whined softly, not bothering to pull the blanket around his naked form, "Find me something to wear?"

Val pressed soft kisses to Dem's neck before sliding past him in order to flop down on the bed the moment Hannibal stood up to dress. The blonde tilted his head to look at Will with an eyebrow raised, "You knew about this?" He rolled his eyes to lean up on his elbow, dragging his eyes down Hann's body as he emerged dressed from his closet, "Damn."

Brushing nonexistent creases from his shirt, Hannibal looked between the three males before stepping back into the closet to find something for Will to wear, "Demetrius, do you not know who I am?" He chuckled, stepping back into the bedroom with pants and a buttons down for Will, "My tailor is on call, day or night. Besides, I've had some suits made up for all of us."

The greying male sat on the edge of the bed to give the sub his clothes, with a smile, "Once Tabitha is back and well, we're going out somewhere special. I am yet to decide where, but black tie is a must." Adjusting his position on the bed, the mob boss couldn't stop the smile

that lit up his face, after a moment's thought he stood up again to approach Demetri, lowering his voice to barely more than a whisper next to the male's ear, "If you will have me, I would be honoured to walk you down the aisle."

Will snuggled into Valentin's side as he waited for his clothes, he rolled his eyes and looked up at the older man seriously, "'Course I knew about it. I know about everything. When I wasn't talking to anyone the idiot took full advantage of it and just talked my ear off about you." He accepted the clothes with a soft kiss of thanks and wriggled into them. As he stood up he couldn't help but scowl at how they hung off his frame - he really needed to gain back the weight he'd lost, though he had a feeling that would be easier now he had Hannibal back looking after him.

"Seriously… shut up." Dem growled again, embarrassment colouring his tone, "I just needed to be sure you'd say yes. An' the kids just jealous he's gonna be the only one of us living in sin after tonight."

"We're in a five way relationship, genius." The sub snarked back, "Married or not I think we're all 'living in sin'." He shrugged, stepping to tuck himself into Hannibal's side and blinking back at two of his other lovers, "I'm comfortable with how we are. Daddy and Mistress would marry me if it was possible, I know that. And I'm their sub… that's as binding as anything else any day of the week." He looked up at Hannibal in surprise, "Somewhere nice…? Do I have to act normal or are they used to… relationships like ours?"

Demetrius' eyes widened as he caught Hannibal's whisper. He looked up and nodded quickly, trying to blink away any stray tears, "Y-Yeah." The man whispered hoarsely, "I'd like that… thanks. I love you."

Val's eyebrow raised a little further before he turned to watch Dem as he twitched with embarrassment, "He's cute when you have him over a barrel." He laughed, rolling over in order to pull Will a little closer before rolling his eyes, "It's not living in sin for us, we believe in the old gods and they're all about the gang bang."

Hannibal rolled his eyes at Val's crudeness but did nothing to otherwise make his annoyance known as he smiled at Demetrius then pressed a kiss to him tenderly, "I love you too, this means the world to me." He took a breath and pressed a chaste kiss to Dem's temple as he turned at Will's question, "My dear William, nobody will ever expect us to play normal. They take us as we are or they don't get our custom, which for any business is definitely the wrong option."

The grey male took a breath and clapped his hands together, "Okay everyone out, I have a tailor to wake for tuxes before we find a priest and a chapel.."

Will beamed, rocking on his feet as he picked Clement up to lock him out of their bedroom while they were out, "He's always cute, in his own goofy, brooding sort of way." He carefully put the puppy on the couch, turning around as his lovers followed him and cocking his head

up at Hannibal as he answered him, “Good.” The sub hummed, popping the first three buttons of his shirt open, “Collar can be on display then and I’m… I want to be in your lap today, Daddy… or kneeling by your feet.” It was rare that Will requested to be that close or submissive in public but Dem’s comment had hit home a little and he wanted to be reassured that Hannibal loved him as much as he did Tabitha. That and he was still a little clingy after his weeks of Hannibal withdrawal, “Please?”

“Sap.” Demetrius teased, ruffling Will’s growing curls as he shoved his gun down the back of his pants. He might be going to get married but being armed was a habit that was hard to break, “C’mon then lover, let’s do this.” He grabbed hold of Valentin’s collar and pulled him into a searing kiss, teeth clashing as he tried and failed to gain the upper hand.

Hannibal ushered everyone out of the bedroom and collected his jacket from the hall while Will took care of the puppy. He tilted his head a little as he watched Will’s fingers undo his buttons before nodding, “As you wish, my Lamb.” He smiled, offering his arm to the sub as they headed down the hall and into the elevator.

Val groaned into the clumsy kiss, pulling back in order to nip at Dem’s lip with a chuckle, “You’ve got plenty of time for that later, if we don’t leave soon we’ll be having funerals instead of a wedding.” He smirked nodding toward Hannibal and Will waiting in the elevator for them, “Let’s go get married.”

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An hour later, Hannibal said his goodbyes to a half awake and very annoyed tailor who had been awoken by Valentin hammering incessantly on the door before Hannibal had had a chance to do so nicely. As compensation, the mob boss had handed over a large stack of bills and assured the poor man that they’d be back soon enough with Tabitha in tow for an evening gown as well as more tuxes.

Leading the way back to the limo, Val gave directions to the only chapel still open in the city at this time of night, the rest had had their fair share of literal shotgun weddings and had decided it wasn’t worth the risk to stay open all night. Drunken weddings never lasted all that long anyway.

Will yawned deeply as he leaned heavily on his Daddy’s side, he had not expected this tonight and truthfully he’d been looking forward to his first night of decent sleep in months but he’d battle through for Dem and Val. He watched through lidded eyes as Demetrius argued with the chapel workers that he wanted red rose petals thrown down the isle, not white, and that he didn’t give a fuck that it was the early hours of the morning and they’d run out, “Who knew he could be so picky…” He muttered, rolling his eyes, “If he doesn’t agree on white soon I might just have to shoot him and *then* he’d have his fucking *red* petals.” The submissive’s sass tended to dial up a notch when he was tired, “I just wanna get this part over with so we can go somewhere nice and relax…”

Demetrius finally threw up his hands in the air in frustration and scowled, “Fine!” He spat at the poor, irritated worker, “Fine we’ll go for white but when Tabitha comes back an’ sees these photos I ain’t gonna listen to any of you bitchin’ that she’s pissed it didn’t look right!”

Sitting at the back of the chapel, scrolling through his phone to catch up on urgent emails, Hannibal looked up at the sound of Will's voice and swept his eyes over the room to take in the minimal changes since the last time he had done so. Tucking his phone into the pocket of his tux, the grey male half shrugged the shoulder Will wasn't currently leaning against, "I don't think he ever thought he'd be here, it makes sense that he wants it perfect. This however, it taking it too far."

Valentin rubbed a hand over his forehead, having shed his tux jacket at he tried to work with the chapel staff to get everything Dem wanted that was available, "Demi, come on, the roses don't matter. It's about the two of us starting the rest of our lives together, Tabs will say the same thing."

"Actually she'd have slapped you half an hour ago and we'd be winding up right now." Hannibal stated, waving his hand around the room, "The room is perfect, perhaps the guest list isn't what we wanted, but we will make do, and you will get yourselves married." He turned to Demetrius, an eyebrow raised, "You think Tabitha will be pissed about the roses? She'll be more pissed if you never get around to it because you spent the entire ceremony slot fucking around with flowers."

Dem sighed, rubbing at the back of his neck and letting his lovers calm him down he muttered an apology at the staff and rested his forehead against Valentin's gently, "Yeah… course. Sorry. I just… I wanna do this, I'm *gonna* . But I wish she was here. And Dad…"

"Mistress would rather you did it and didn't wait for her." Will hummed softly, "She'd be scared you'd chicken out if you thought about it too long. And there's nothing we can do about your Dad but from what Daddy says he'd be really proud of you so can we just get on with-" He broke off with a massive yawn, "-it?"

"Yeah, Yeah let's do this." Dem grinned, straightening up and brushing down his tux, making sure the gun in the back of his pants was hidden, "Marry me, lover." He winked.

Val couldn't help the smile that crossed his lips, watching Dem work himself up over everything being perfect was something he'd expected and that made the day even more perfect in his eyes. But the most important part of the whole thing was being more and more offset as the younger male obsessed and the blonde almost threw himself at Hannibal in thanks when he finally got him to see things properly.

"Tabitha will understand, as long as you get your asses married already." Hannibal chuckled, standing to hand Valentin his tux jacket and offer Demetri his arm, "We're going to do this properly, Val down by the altar and wait for me to hand over your groom."

Half an hour later, the officiant pronounced the couple as married. Val tugged Dem closer by the tie to press a possessive kiss to his new husband's lips, "I love you."

Cheering as the couple kissed, Hann stood from his seat and helped Will to stand, “We have a booth waiting at the piano bar in the next town over. A new acquisition, but rather charming I’ve found.”

“It’s about damn time.” WIll muttered grumpily even as he threw confetti over the newly married couple, slipping his hand into Hannibal’s and squeezing, “Now c’mon… I want food and vodka.”

Dem was practically glowing, who’d have thought a ring and a bit of paper could make so much of a difference? It suddenly felt like he and Valentin actually belonged to each other and the only was he could have been happier would have been if Tabitha could have been there to celebrate with them, “Yeah yeah, calm down, Brat. We’re ready. Right, husband?” He leaned up to peck the blonde’s lips.

Will rolled his eyes and made a gagging sound.

Hannibal’s arm slipped around Will’s waist, both for comfort and to ensure that he remained upright until they got to the bar, he half smirked his amusement then pressed a kiss to each of the male’s foreheads, leading the way from the chapel, “I’m thinking something simple, yet elegant.” He stated, referring to the food they should eat, but knowing that the piano bar once belonged to one of the city’s underbosses, it wasn’t looking all that likely. But, he could dream, and make a note to get real food served in future.

Val’s eyes barely left Dem, even as Will and Hannibal spoke, he was worried this was all just a dream and any second now he’d wake up wishing he had the balls to do this for real. Nodding without listening to the other male’s Valentin’s heart skipped a beat at being called husband, his face split into a grin, “Fuck that’s gonna take some getting used to.” He breathed, gently nudging Will in the arm for his gagging, “Shut it.”

With barely a thought, the Viking swept his husband from his feet and practically ran from the room or the limo sat waiting for them outside, “Now who’s making us wait?”

Demetrius couldn’t help but let out a high pitched squawk as he was hoisted into the air. His instant response was to bite down on Val’s neck lightly, “Let me down you bastard!” He growled, even through his laughter, “I ain’t your wife. You don’t gotta carry me over no thresholds!”

Will snorted as he leaned into his Daddy’s side, one hand fisted into the fabric of his shirt for comfort, “Yeah… Keep dreaming.” He giggled, raising an eyebrow at the older man, “Simple and elegant? I’d settle for a McDonalds right now. Or… oh! Onion rings. I want onion rings.” Will was never going to share Hannibal’s taste for the finer things in life, he didn’t understand tiny portions at ridiculous prices but whatever made his Daddy happy was worth

it. He grinned as they followed their lovers out of the Chapel, “They’re cute. I’m happy for them.”

Valentin’s laugh echoed from the entrance foyer of the chapel through to the ceremony room where Hannibal simply tightened his arm around Will’s back as he headed out to the limo behind the newlyweds.

The Viking let out a groan, his mouth quirking up into a half smirk as he adjusted his grip just long enough to pull open the back door of the limo to deposit Demetri inside, “I know that, doesn’t mean I’m not gonna do it exactly as I please any way.” He beamed, climbing in after the younger male and cracking a bottle of champagne open.

Hannibal’s lips pressed to the top of Will’s head as they walked out into the cool street again, “I’m sure I could be persuaded to allow the onion rings if we never talk of that garish chain restaurant again. Even I, a man who usually doesn’t care what he eats, draw the line at McDonald’s” He smiled, raising his hand up to run through Sub’s remaining curls, “As am I, they deserve some happiness. That, and they’ve been dancing around one another for years.” The older male chuckled, checking before escorting Will across the road into the limo, “Ah, I see that party has already started.”

Demetrius wasted no time in making himself comfortable, he unfastened his tie and deposited it in back pocket, shucked off his jacket and popped the first three buttons of his shirt before throwing his legs over his husband’s lap, stealing the bottle and taking a swig from it, “This one’s mine, you can get your own.” He smirked, leaning forward to lick a stripe up Valentin’s face playfully.

“Are you talking about the champagne or the Viking?” Will drawled sarcastically as he climbed into his own seat, eyebrow raised - it was truly impressive the small amount of time it took Demetri to completely pick apart an expensive suit, “Cause I’m pretty sure we’ve all got a share in Val.” He turned back to Hannibal as he entered into the vehicle after him, “That’s okay, Daddy. I’ll just keep getting my McDonalds fix with Val and Dem, we’re working our way through the menu… it’s a mission.”

Val was a little more reserved in his stripping off the expensive tux Hannibal would not doubt kill him if he tore it, removing and setting aside his jacket before loosening his tie and rolling his sleeves up until he was finally comfortable with Demetrius draped over him.

The blonde smirked, taking the bottle of champagne back to swig from the bottle, “Probably the champagne, though I’m sure he’ll be staking his claim for the night.” He added with a chuckle.

Hannibal unbuttoned his jacket before attempting to slide into the limo and close the door behind them. The moment he did, the vehicle lurched into life, heading out of town for the

piano bar.

The grey haired male tutted, arm snaking around Will's waist to pull him over, "I'll not say I like it, but what you wish to do with those morons is completely up to you, my lamb." He spoke with affection in his voice, apparently oblivious to the couple sat with them.

Taking a large gulp from the bottle, Valentin handed it back to his husband, looking over at Hannibal and Will with his best version of a 'hurt' face he could muster, "I'll have you know I'm not a moron… I'm more of a buffoon, Tabitha says so."

"I'd have gone with baboon, but there you have it." Hannibal retorted with a smirk, his free hand manoeuvring around the mini bar with barely any difficulty. He decided to forgo a glass in favour of running his fingers up and down the side of Will's neck, following his collar part way around on each down stroke, and drank from the bottle of bourbon, offering the bottle to his young lover.

Will beamed, taking a deep swig of the alcohol and coughing slightly at the harsh taste, he all but melted at his Daddy's gently, teasing touch, his eyes just falling shut as the limo came to an abrupt halt and he groaned, "Just when I was nearly sleeping… You two assholes couldn't have chosen to get married at a normal time, could you?" He grumbled, his messy, shaven curls sticking up and making him look like a grumpy puppy.

"Where's the fun in that?" Demetrius shrugged, scrambling over them all to get out of the vehicle, accidentally digging a heel of his expensive italian shoes into Hannibal's crotch on the way, "Now c'mon! Not every day two of your lovers get married - let's party! Uh… sorry Boss." He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly as he all but fell out onto the sidewalk, straightening up quickly and rocking on the balls of his feet.

Hannibal's lip twitched a little as he fought a smirk at Will's comment, doing nothing other than give a pointed look to the happy couple as they climbed out of the now stationary limo, "Come, little Lamb it's time to find somewhere warm and comfortable to relax."

As the male waited for Dem to climb out, he froze and let out a groan under his breath as the heel of Demetrius' shoe barely avoided his balls but pinched his cock before being removed. The older male took a long breath before opening his eyes to meet the sheepish gaze of Dem, "Nothing to be sorry for, perhaps watch where you place your feet next time?" He smirked a little, even as he slid from the limo, adjusted his collar and rebuttoned his jacket before taking Will in his arms again, "Lead the way, they're expecting us and have a VIP section next to the piano roped off. At least, that's what I instructed."

Dem perked up - normally nearly sterilizing the boss would have at least earned a threat - and grabbed Valentin's hand, dragging him up to the doorman and trusting that Hannibal and Will would be following.

“Hey, lurch.” He grinned, winking at the huge, miserable bouncer, “You gonna let us in? We’re on our honeymoon, see? An’ we’ve booked a VIP section so lift your fancy rope for us, there’s a good man.” He chuckled, slipping a twenty into the man’s pocket.

The doorman all but growled, making a show of looking Val and Dem up and down before shrugging one shoulder, “Never seen you before, scram before I knock all them pretty teeth out.”

Will snorted as the bouncer’s voice carried, “You can tell this place is new… Staff don’t even know who your second and third are… idiot.”

Resisting the urge to roll his eyes at his young lover, Hannibal simply shook his head and let him go, dropping his voice a little so only Will could hear him, “I’ll let him off this one time, seeing as it is his wedding day… And I rather liked it, seeing as nothing was damaged.”

Valentin bristled as he was eyed from head to toe and back again, “You fuckin’ what?” He snapped in reply, drawing himself to full height and sliding a hand toward the gun tucked down the back of his pants, “You wanna check your list again before things get messy.”

Hannibal’s steps slowed for a moment, tilting his head to watch the scene unfold before him, “Well, sometimes these things are to be expected.” He shrugged as much as he could with Will in his arms and moved forward to diffuse the situation before it could get out of hand.

“There’s no need for that, gentlemen.” He drawled, coming to a stop in front of the bouncer, still looking intimidating even with a sleepy submissive in his arms, “If you value both your life and your job, you’ll apologise to my associates for the mistake and inconvenience, then we shall continue our night.”

Demetrius grinned as he leaned against the wall and watched Val hungrily, he did love it when the older man went into work mode - it was a wonder they ever got any work done because all they wanted to do was tear the Viking’s clothes off most of the time, “You tell him, lover.” He chuckled, turning as Hannibal joined them, “Aww but Boss, it was just gettin’ interesting.”

The bouncer paled impossibly as soon as he recognised Hannibal, suddenly the intimidating man looked like he was about to piss himself in fear. He fumbled as he unhooked the rope stepping back and practically grovelling, “O-Of… Of course, Mr Lecter. My apologies… I didn’t realise…”

“There’s a good bouncer.” Will snickered as they passed, eyes widening as he looked around and took it all in, “Oh wow… I love it in here. This is our new regular, I’ve decided.” He crawled into their booth as they reached it, waiting for Hannibal to join him so he could drape himself over his lap, “Food now. And vodka.”

Val backed down as he felt Hannibal approach from behind them, but remained in front of the bouncer until everyone had entered the bar before following with a warning for the male, “Best not to piss me off again.”

Hannibal led the way through the dimly lit bar, soft leather covered the booths and seating, giving an almost homely and inviting feel. A piano sat on a section of the floor in the centre of the room that was raised just enough for the player to be seen along with whomever else may be with them, their both was just off to the side of the piano stage, lighting and drapery making it feel more secluded from prying eyes.

Slipping into the booth, Hannibal unbuttoned his jacket and wrapped an arm around Will, gesturing to the others, “Sit, someone will be over shortly.” Almost on cue, a waitress dressed in an off the rack uniform with her hair scraped back in a bun and far too much make up appeared at their booth, “What can I get you gentlemen?” She said in a tone that bordered on bored, but not enough to vex the older male, “Three bottles of the best vodka you have and a bottle of your top shelf bourbon.”

Val sat down heavily in the booth, only brightening up when he slid over and let Dem sit with him, his arms instantly snaking around his new husband’s waist. He turned his head, sitting up a little straighter to watch the waitress head for the bar. Once she was well out of ear shot he sat back down looking perturbed, “What’s with the-” He gestured to his face then waved his hand in the general direction the waitress had gone, “Everything about that was a horror show.”

“Merely a minor complication in my seizing of Chilton’s assets. He had terrible taste when it came to everything, and apparently when wearing terrible uniforms, always slap on the make up.” Hannibal waved his hand dismissively, “I’ll have one of the girls speak to the staff, find them better clothing for the time being and when Tabitha returns, she’ll decide exactly how she wants it.” He left the rest unsaid, last time he’d tried to decorate a major business without Tabitha’s approval, he’d been thrown out of the house and forced to sleep in one of the safe houses for two weeks. By the time he’d returned, everything looked great - and was completely to Tabby’s design.”

“Hey!” Will snapped, biting down playfully on his Daddy’s neck, “I was one of Chilton’s *assets* and I’ll have you know I’m fabulous. He didn’t have terrible taste in *everything* …” The submissive kicked off his shoes and wriggled out of his pants, getting comfortable in nothing but his half open shirt and boxers - in truth he was always more comfortable the less he had on, and Hannibal owned this place and they were in a private booth, what did he care what people thought of him? He curled his legs underneath himself and tucked himself as close into Hannibal’s side as was possible, soaking in the man’s smell. Will watched the woman sashay away with a small frown on his face, “I thought I recognised her though… She was one of Chilton’s girls but then she caught something nasty and he moved her into waitress duty instead.” His nose crinkled in disgust, “She always was a bit of a whore… which is saying something for an actual prostitute.” The sub beamed at his own joke.

Demetrius looked like he was going to be sick as he watched the waitress walk away, “So glad I’m done with slags like that…” He muttered, wrapping his foot around Valentin’s leg

under the table, “Who knows how may diseased rats I fucked before we had our prostitute directory over there.”

Will shrugged pleasantly, talking about his past didn’t bother him anymore, not now that he knew he was safe, “I was around a long time, you get to know the locals.” He watched as the girl came back, pointedly not looking his was as she dropped the drinks off at the table, “Hi, Monica.” He beamed innocently, “Long time, no see… Can you bring me some onion rings, yeah? And… And anything else fried.”

“Make that enough for all of us.” Demetrius nodded, barely sparing the girl a glance before he was pulling Val towards him with his tie and drawing him into a long, deep kiss. When he finally came up for air he nipped at the older man’s bottom lip, “When all of this is finally over, me an’ you are goin’ on a real honeymoon. I fancy Hawaii.”

“Maybe Mistress’ll let me help her…” Will mused hopefully, nuzzling closer to Hannibal. “I think I’d like that… to get closer to this side of the business.”

Hannibal’s head tilted back at the bite to his neck before his head snapped back around to graze his teeth along Will’s jaw, “Ah, but you, my deliciously wicked little lamb, were the one true diamond in a pile of glass. Chilton had no idea what he had with you, all the better for us.” He smirked, allowing the younger male to divest himself of what he needed to and then get comfortable. Once he’d buried himself into his side once more, the grey haired male’s fingers carded through his hair, stroking softly even as he chuckled above him, “Now now, no need to get catty. Although, perhaps mandatory blood tests, those not suitable will be let go of.”

Val shuddered a little, the after image of the terrible make up and now the knowledge of her diseases making his skin crawl, “Can’t have customer’s thinking you’re offering soiled goods? But a piano bar? Really Hannibal.”

“Simply one direction I may take with it, why not allow some of the girls to branch out further, escorting their clients to respectable establishments? Tabitha will love it.”

The Viking raised his hands in a small sign of surrender before turning his attention back to his husband, his smile growing even further at the mention of a real honeymoon, “Hawaii? Grass skirts and surfing, sounds like my idea of heaven.”

Relaxing in the booth seating, Hann’s eyes slowly swept over all the faces in the bar - at least, those he could see from his vantage point - his fingers never stopped their stroking through Will’s short curls. At the sub’s voice, he allowed himself a small smile, “Tabitha would love the help. Not just with decorating either, you have just as much experience in unsavoury settings as she.” He stated, finally bringing his gaze back to Will, “She often juggles too much, she will be more than willing to have someone she trusts to share the load.”

Will hummed softly, closing his eyes as he lost himself to Hannibal’s touch. He didn’t even bother to respond to the teasing reprimand, his Daddy knew he was catty and he wasn’t going to apologise for that, “I’d recommend the blood tests.” He agreed thoughtfully, still refusing

to open his eyes for fear that the older man would stop playing with his hair, “Most of Chilton’s girls’ll be riddled. It’s not really their fault, I suppose, comes with the job description if you want to make the big bucks…” The sub trailed off, it had never been an issue for him, his rules had kept him both clean and poor - and had been totally worth it.

“Makes sense.” Demetrius nodded, one hand drifting to the front of Valentin’s pants almost unconsciously, “Still though… gross.” He watched warily as the waitress dropped off four bottles, two bowls of onion rings, one of chicken tenders and two orders of fries. Slowly he reached for one of the bottles of Vodka, thoroughly wiping the mouth of it before he took a swig.

“You’re ridiculous.” William snorted, pulling the chicken, fries and onion rings towards him, “I’m pretty sure you won’t catch anything that way.” He took a huge bite of chicken and practically moaned with happiness, he hadn’t eaten properly in days, “Daddy… I know that probably isn’t the sort of food you want in your establishments but you’ve gotta keep this chef around, even if this stuff isn’t on the menu and he just makes it for me… Please?” Turning huge, puppydog eyes on Hannibal the submissive grinned, “Maybe… Maybe she could focus on her club and this place could be my baby. I’d ask her advice and we could work together obviously but… I kind of like the idea of having my own project. And a piano bar could be awesome! I’d like to make it exclusively for the bdsm community though. A safe place for subs to be subs and doms to be doms. Even the Pet and Master communities. Like… Like a kink club without the kink just a regular piano bar where no one’s gonna blink if there’s someone being lead around with a leash or sat on a cushion.” Will’s voice sped up as he grabbed for an onion ring, his eyes sparkling and his inflection rising as he got more excited about the idea.

Dem snorted, “Bless him… he’s like a kid in a candy store.” He reached for the second order of fries as he continued to stroke his lover over his expensive suit pants.

Eyeing up the servings of food as they were set on the table, Hannibal pulled a glass closer in order to pour himself two fingers of bourbon while Will helped himself. Even he had to admit, it smelled better than most of the take out they bought after long hours at the club to stuff their faces before passing out for a few hours to start all over again.

At Will’s reaction, Hannibal’s eyebrow raised a little and he reached across for a chicken tender himself, keeping his expression neutral as he chewed slowly and thoughtfully, considering the seasoning and even the kind of oil used to cook them.

Val’s dick twitched in mild interest as soon as Demetri’s hand started to palm him through his tux pants, his peripheral vision following the waitress even as he half sat forward in order to watch Hannibal try the food. He took the bottle from Dem and took a large gulp before wiping his mouth on the back of his hand before grinning, “Will’s right, you know. You can’t catch shit from them having a hand on a bottle, only if they licked it.” His chuckle trailed off as Hann swallowed his mouthful, “So? Verdict? You gonna break poor Will’s heart?”

The grey haired male’s mouth pressed into a thin line as he glanced between his three lovers, “The presentation leaves something to be desired, the oil should have been shaken off better

too. But all in all, the chef appears to be a genius who can cook even in such dire conditions." He smiled a little before washing down his mouthful with a swig of bourbon, "I think we may keep him in his current position, as for the food? I may consider it if he learns the art of presentation."

Removing his hand from Will's hair just long enough to pull a cigarette from his pack to place it between his lips and light it, Hannibal took a long drag before blowing the cloud of smoke away, "Well, I would need to make sure you have the correct security with you at all times, if one of us were not with you while you set everything up and gain your own reputation. But we all had to start somewhere, I can't think of a better first project for you, My Lamb."

Val's half laugh turned to a groan as Dem's hand continued it actions, "Shit… Will's getting his leash loosened, we just got married and Tabitha's working on the revenge she's always wanted. We've not been this functional in years." He beamed, unable to hide his happiness; as soon as they got Tabitha back they could go back to ruling the town, striking fear into anyone who opposed them and taking down the ones who thought they had a chance of fighting back.

Will beamed at his Daddy's words, wriggling slightly as he chewed on another fry, it meant a lot to him that Hannibal trusted his opinions but at the same time he didn't want his leash loosened too much. He liked being looked after, "I'm all for extra security." He agreed quietly, "Though I'd rather have one of you four with me when possible - I wanna work, not get into trouble. I think this place could be pretty awesome if I fix some things. Maybe hire new waitresses because… ew."

Demetrius snorted, finally managing to unbutton his new husband's fly, wrapping one large hand around the older man's length, a self satisfied smirk on his face as he carried on the conversation as if nothing was happening, "Being functional is overrated. Might be nice to have no drama though - even if it's just for a little bit."

"We live for drama." The submissive chuckled, one hand sliding sneakily into Hannibal's pocket and stealing one of his cigarettes before slipping his hand into the pocket again to find a lighter.

Hannibal smiled softly to himself, nodding his head as he continued to smoke his cigarette and picked at what remained of his chicken tender - he refused to part with what was left now he knew it was up to scratch, "Then we'll see what we can do, shifts are tight and things will be all up in the air for a while once Tabby is back. We'll make sure at least one of us is with you and if not, we'll get you a team of security that you pick and trust."

Val drew his lower lip between his teeth as Dem's rough hand encircled his length, his hips bucking a little even as he kept the majority of his focus on Hannibal and Will. This kind of thing wasn't new, especially around Hannibal, if he didn't have a hand under Tab's skirt it

was definitely in his pants, all the while continuing business proceedings. Spreading his legs a little further, the blonde's head tilted down to kiss the younger male with a smirk.

"That we do, William." Hann chuckled, allowing Will one of his cigarettes, "Waitresses, new door staff. A decorator.. You'll have to make a list once we get back to the house." Smirking a little, Hann opened his hand to reveal he still held the lighter in his hand, "Looking for something?" The grey male teased, relaxing back into his seat with a content sigh and looking every inch the man who ruled the city with an iron fist. Exactly how he wanted it, now all they needed was to get Tabitha back and all would be well.

Chapter End Notes

Eek, that was an abrupt ending, we never know where to stop these! If we don't stop them we'll never get anywhere with the story. Stay tuned for the next installment to the series.

Comments and constructive criticism are always welcome

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